

CHILDHOOD HOURS.

BY CHARLES S. BAILEY.

How sweet to every feeling heart
The memory of days when love and joy
Around our hearts were cast;
To let our thoughts drift back their flight,
O'er days when life was new—
From through the lattice of pleasant youth,
Then comes again review.

The old oak tree whose spreading limbs
Threw round a fragrant shade,
In waving ferns its branches yet,
In lovely green arrayed.
The little hill with flowery banks
Is flowing on the breeze;
Sweet days of childhood, they are past—
They will not come again.

Mathematics near the wood I see
The school-house standing yet;
The flower-lawn, the grassy glade,
The winding rivulet.
Memories that my play-mates call
Now sounding o'er the plain;
But 'tis a dream—those days are past—
They will not come again.

Where are the comrades of my youth,
Whose voices were so gay,
Whose hearts were pure and motives good
In childhood's happy day?
Alas! I see them now no more,
For some are in the grave;
Others are musing on the deep,
Upon the fading wave.

Time changes all—we all must die,
And sink at last to rest;
This life is but a fleeting dream
When taken into dust.
But ah! We have that joyful hope,
The sweet assurance given,
That when we get to glorious life,
We hope to meet in Heaven.

The Wayfaring Man.

A poet wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crouched on my way,
Who used so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread
He entered, not a word he spoke;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all: he bowed his head,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was mine to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone.
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on;
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thirsted from the stream he drank my cup,
Dip't and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

Twice night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloft;
I heard his voice above the flow
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warn'd, I clasp'd, I cheer'd my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and soon
I slept, my guardian angel.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I raised him pale, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and applied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had, myself, a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And hence boast of my broken heart.

In prison I lay long—condemned
To meet the traitor's doom at once;
The tide of lying tongues I smelt,
And heard him mid of chains and scorn
My friendship's utmost need to try;
He said—'I'll die for him who died;
The flesh was weak, my blood was chill,
But the free spirit cried, 'I will.'

Then in a moment to my feet
The stranger started from his chair;
The totem in his hands I knew,
My Savior stood before my eyes;
He spoke—and my poor name he mused—
'O' my dear heart, how best I should
'These deeds shall fit memorial be,
For ne'er, thou dost them unto me.'

MISCELLANY.

From the Republic.

A Phases of City Life.

Passing along Fulton street this morning,
My eye happened to catch the following brief
and singularly emphatic announcement, written
in a good, bold hand, and pasted on an
awning-post, opposite Alderman Stoneall's
famous saloon:

"WANTED,
A PHASE OF CITY LIFE."

"GOOD DINNER!"

This significant advertisement excited a
kind of indignation. It struck me as a veritable
instance of the true sublime. There is no
unnecessary, circumlocutory mode of expres-
sion about it, unless the adjective may be
obnoxious to severe criticism. There is a
pathos about the address which no one can
read who really deserves a "good dinner."

No mock modesty—no false delicacy—no
bending of the suppliant knee here. Webster
or Brougham never condensed more lofty
eloquence in one brief sentence. The epithet
"good" is which I have employed some rigid
rhetoricians might possibly object, rather in-
creases my admiration of this literary pro-
duction. It declares that the author is no
common candidate for favor. He does not
seek the bright charities of the world in the
hope of "good will." He signifies the
office of mendicancy. He asks a "good din-
ner," and tacitly promises that he will do
justice to it. But he gives no clue to his
whereabouts. He is as unobtainable as "Past
us." Who can he be? He is a beggar, and
on how many occasions great city beggars
we read of more sturdily and pathetically
and eloquently than that. All beggars are
not alike, however. For God's sake give me
a dinner, and I will be a beggar.

Is it any wonder that I should
be unable to find him? In our
great city, where the beggar
is as common as the
millionaire, it is not
surprising that the
poor man should be
lost in the crowd.

It is a pity that the
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be so unobtainable.
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tribution, when swiftly destructive disease
breaks forth amid these awful shades of de-
pression and despair, and carries death and
terror into the palace of the rich, who care
not for their suffering brethren. I do not
believe that people at a distance form any
thing like a correct estimate of the amount
of physical destitution which exists in this
metropolis. Beggars are so opportunely high
that it is impossible for great masses of the
poor to obtain more than a single apartment
for a large family, and that, too, in a filthy
and unhealthy portion of the city. Often
one hundred and fifty human beings will be
found crowded together in a house not fit for
the accommodation of more than thirty per-
sons! Imagine the result. The stench is
overwhelming. There is of course no moral
government or discipline, and the noise, blas-
phemy, disorder, quarreling, and all manner
of evil which prevail, are indecipherable.

Probably about one hundred thousand
human beings in this city live in the manner
which I have described—that is, in filthy,
unventilated, crowded tenements. They con-
sist of the lowest class of artisans, who are
dissolute and earn only three or four dollars
a week—of chifferiers or rag-pickers, who
collect refuse of all kinds thrown into the
streets, bones, rags, and the sweepings of
the stores—of pickpockets, thieves and pro-
stitutes of the lowest character—and of Ger-
man and Irish immigrants, who are induced
to linger in this city, destitute of means and
unable to obtain any thing but the most
precarious employment, and filling the prin-
cipal streets with beggars. In proportion
to its population there is as much poverty
and destitution, as such objects and revolting
pauperism in New York, as in any other city
on the globe. Strangers do not know this,
and vast numbers of the better class of our
own citizens cannot imagine, as they walk
the chief thoroughfares, that such a lament-
able state of things exist. But they who have
the means of examining the obscure
regions of the metropolis know better.

How can any one be surprised, then, that
a pestilential visitation should tell with fear-
ful violence on such a population; embracing
in its limits such masses of putrescent and
decaying humanity? As I left my house
this morning, I saw a miserable creature—a
poor, famished, ragged being, that was once
a full-grown man, gnawing a raw turnip
which he had picked from the gutter! He
was a German.

"Bad! bad!" I exclaimed, and motioned
to the wretched man to cast the poisonous
morsel from him.
"Oh! nein, nein!" he replied, still eagerly
biting the turnip; "das ist sehr gut!—es ist
süss! Ich habe hunger!" ("Oh! no, no!/
This is good—it is sweet! I am hungry!")

I beckoned to him to come with me, and
said I would give him something better. Still
retaining his dangerous prize, and looking as
if half suspecting my good intentions, he fol-
lowed me to my house; and it was only when
he received a piece of bread and meat that
he threw the turnip away.

How long is all this to last! When, oh!
when will the rich and pious awake to the
conviction that it is not enough to build
churches that cost half a million a piece, and
send scores of missionaries to Burmah and
Seringapatam!

RULES FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The
following rules, from the papers of Dr. West,
were, according to his memorandum, thrown
together as general waymarks in the journey
of life:

Never to ridicule sacred things or what
others may esteem such; however absurd
they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are
profoundly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I
know the views and motives of the author of
it. Not on any occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge a person's character by ex-
ternal appearances.

Always to take the part of an absent per-
son who is censured in company, so far as
truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on
account of his differing from me in political
or religious opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than 70
years of age, nor with a woman, nor an en-
thusiast.

Not to affect to be witty or to jest so as to
wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself, and
those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.
Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favor of the rich by
flattering either their vanity or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation
on all occasions; especially in circumstances
which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note
my failings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the
end of life and a future state.

ANALYTICAL CALCULATIONS.—One of our ex-
change says: "An ingenious, authentic and
valuable statistical work, published a few
years since, states that the number of in-
habitants who have lived on the earth, amount-
ing to about 25,000,000,000,000,000, and that
supporting the earth to be one vast burning
ground, and the dead to have been equally
distributed over the surface. It must have
been 'dag' one hundred times over to bury
its inhabitants." Now, we do not profess to
be particularly 'good' at figures, but we
downing would say; but if the figures are
correct, the result is a 'dag' one hundred
times over to bury its inhabitants.

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BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

The character of the
Indian, the majesty of the forest in which he
roams and the perfect freedom he enjoys from
all restraints of civilization, naturally inspire
the mind with poetic conceptions, when pon-
dering on his race and destiny. At least
such an effect seems to have been produced
on Mr. Bancroft, our Minister to London, if
we may judge from the following beautiful
description which he has given of the Indian
mother and her babe:

"How helpless the Indian babe, born with-
out shelter, amidst storms and ice; but fear
nothing for him. God has placed near him a
guardian angel, that can triumph over the
sovereignty of nature—the sentinel of mater-
nity is by his side, and so long as his mother
breathes he is safe. The squaw loves her
child with instinctive passion, and if she does
not manifest it by lively caresses, her tenderness
is real, wakeful and constant. No sav-
age mother ever trusted her babe to a hireling
nurse, or ever put away her own child, to
nurse that of another. To the cradle, con-
sisting of light wood, and gaily ornamented
with quills of the porcupine, and beads, and
rattles, the nursing is firmly attached, and
carefully wrapped in furs; and the infant
thus swathed its back to the mother's back,
is borne as the topmost burden, its eye now
cheerfully flashing light, now accompanied
with tears, the wailings which the plaintive
melodies of the carrier cannot hush. Or,
while the squaw toils in the field, she hangs
her child, as spring does her blossoms, on the
bough of a tree, that it may be rocked by the
breezes from the land of souls, and soothed
to sleep by the hush of the birds. Does the
mother die, the nursing—such is Indian
compassion—shares her grave."

"What's that?" asked a schoolmaster,
pointing to X. "It's daddy's name." "No,
you blockhead it is X." "Tain't X neither!
It's daddy's name, for I have seen him write
it many a time."

A clergyman is sprinkling an infant who had
been used to cold water, kept dashing the Croton
in its face until asked what this was for? "Sin doth
not depart," said the parson, "until the child
crieth!"

JOURNALS SUPPRESSED.—The six journals sus-
pended by the decree of the President of France, are
the Peuple, Revolution Democratique et Sociale,
La Republique, Republique Democratique, Re-
forme, and Tribune des Peuples.

The Republics, Establie, and Liberte, whose
publication was suspended from other causes, have
reappeared.

INTERESTING TO BACHELORS.—A boarding house
keeper in Baltimore advertises to furnish "gentle-
men with pleasant and comfortable rooms; also,
one or two gentlemen with wives."

TREASURES.
He that neglects time, time will neglect.
By the character of those whom we choose
for our friends, our own is likely to be formed.
Has one served thee? Tell it to many.
Has thou served many? Tell it not.

Some are unwisely liberal, and more de-
light to give presents, than to pay debts.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge
the wing whereby we fly to heaven.

As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharp-
est prickles, so the hardest labors bring forth
the sweetest profits.

Narrow-minded men who have not a
thought beyond the sphere of their own
vision, recalled the Hindoo saying, "the snail
sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it
the grandest place in the universe."

One of the hours each day wasted in trifles
and indolence, saved, and daily devoted to
improvement, is enough to make an ignorant
man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury
of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of
thought—to brighten up and strengthen fac-
ulties perishing with rust—to make life a
fruitful field, and death a harvest of glorious
deeds.

To superiors, true politeness appears in a
respectful freedom of manner—no greatness
can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can
sink it into a regardless familiarity. To in-
feriors it shows itself in an unassuming good
nature; its aim is to raise them to your stand-
ard, not to lower yourself to theirs.

To equals, it is everything that is charming; the
just medium between form and rudeness—it is
the consequence of a benevolent nature,
which shows itself to general acquaintance in
an obliging and unconstrained civility, as
it does to more particular ones in distinguish-
ed acts of unostentatious kindness.

As the horrors of the grave affect only the
living, so the miseries of poverty exist, prin-
cipally, perhaps, in the imagination of the
affluent. The labor of the poor man relieves
him, at least from the burden of fashionable
enjoyment, and the constant pressure of physical
inconveniences, from the more elegant, but
surely not less intolerable distress of a refined
and romantic sensibility. Even those supe-
rior intellectual advantages of education, to
which the more opulent are almost exclusiv-
ely admitted, may, in some cases, open only
new avenues to sorrow. The mind, in pro-
portion as it is expanded, exposes a larger
surface to impression. [Dr. Reid.]

THE THUNDER-CLOUD AND THE DEW DROP.
—We tremble when the thunder cloud bursts
in fury over our heads—the poor sinner on
the verge of the storm to add to the intensity
of his terror. Fancy paints a storm-king,
and the genius of romance clothes his demon
in lightning, and they are hurled by the
demon. These wild imaginings have been
the delight of mankind—there is subject for
wonder in them. But is there anything new
wonderful in the well substantiated fact, that
the dew drop which trembles on the flower,
that the tear which trembles on the cheek,
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head, are all subject to the same law? Is it
not a fact, that the dew drop, the tear, the
drop of blood, are all subject to the same law?

THE THUNDER-CLOUD AND THE DEW DROP.
—We tremble when the thunder cloud bursts
in fury over our heads—the poor sinner on
the verge of the storm to add to the intensity
of his terror. Fancy paints a storm-king,
and the genius of romance clothes his demon
in lightning, and they are hurled by the
demon. These wild imaginings have been
the delight of mankind—there is subject for
wonder in them. But is there anything new
wonderful in the well substantiated fact, that
the dew drop which trembles on the flower,
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